

Waters of March

Anya Marina

e pau, e pedra,
e o fim do caminho
e um resto de toco,
e um pouco sozinho

A stick, a stone,
It's the end of the road,
It's feeling alone
It's the weight of your load

It's a sliver of glass
It's light, it's the sun
It's night, it's death
It's a knife, it's a gun

A flower that blooms
A fox in the brush
A knot in the wood
The song of a thrush

The mystery of life
The steps down the hall
The sound of the wind
And the waterfall

It's the moon floating free
The curve of the slope
It's an ant, it's a bee
It's a reason for hope

And the riverbank sings
Of the waters of March
It's the promise of Spring
It's the joy in your heart

e o pe, e o chao,
e a marcha estradeira
Passarinho na mao,
pedra de atiradeira

e uma ave no ceu,
e uma ave no chao
e um regato, e uma fonte,
e um pedaco de pao

e o fundo do poco,
e o fim do caminho
No rosto o desgosto,
e um pouco sozinho

A spear, a spike,
A stake, a nail
It's a drip, it's a drop
It's the end of the tale

The dew on a leaf
In the morning light

The shot of a gun
In the dead of night

A mile, a must
A thrust, a bump
It's the will to survive
It's a jolt, it's a jump

The prim of a house
A body in bed
A car stuck in the mud
It's the mud, it's the mud

A fish, a flash
A wish, a wing
It's a hawk, it's a dove
It's the promise of Spring

And the riverbank sings
Of the waters of March
It's the end of despair
It's the joy in your heart

e uma cobra, e um pau,
e Joao, e Jose
e um espinho na mao,
e um corte no pe

Sao as aguas de marco
fechando o verao
e a promessa de vida
no teu coracao

A stick, a stone
It's the end of the road
The stump of a tree
It's a frog, it's a toad

A sigh, a breath
A walkaround
A life or death
A ray in the sun

And the riverbank sings
Of the waters of March
It's the promise of life
It's the joy in your heart